

LITERARY.

For the Liberator.

THE WANDERER FROM HOME.

When weary and torn'd by the wild waves' commotion,
The wanderer from home, and from friends he loves best,
Desires mid the blue mist, this Isle of the Ocean,
To his heart, O how welcome this haven of rest!

How lovely these mountains and valleys of green,
Where the palm and the cocoa nut their dark plume
O'er these fields of rich verdure and water is seen—
The fruits are perennial, the flowers ever bloom.

Mild and genial the breezes of this favored Isle,
And bright as Italy's, its evening sky;
But and is the heart of the stranger the while—
O why for his dear native land does he sigh!

He sighs for the sound of the church-going bell,
For those Sabbath days so holy, sweet foretastes of heaven;
For that heart-felt communion with friends he lov'd well,
When their mingled voices ascended to heaven.

He sighs for the land where no slavery reigns,
Where to poor and unlearned instruction is given;
Where to all its glad tidings the gospel proclaims,
And guides the poor wanderer to duty and heaven.

O come the blessed day when o'er this fair Isle,
The herald of Peace shall their banners display;
When peaceful and holy the Sabbath shall smile,
And darkness and slavery flee forever away.
St. Croix.

For the Liberator.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When in my last repose I lay,
Let not a tear for me be shed;
'Tis meet that I should pass away,
With none to weep when I am dead.

In some secluded spot, beneath
The towering elm's refreshing shade—
Where verdant winds will softly breathe,
I will be all alone, and dead.

In pompous grandeur, let no stone
Bear its proud front above my grave,
To tell how bright my virtues shone,
No such respect from friends I crave.

I seek not fame—I ask to be
Remembered by the poor alone—
They will enshrine my memory
In hearts more durable than stone.

Their hands may plant the fragrant flowers
Above my dark and lowly bed;
These may beguile their weary hours,
But cannot please the unconscious dead.

So let no tears be shed for me,
When to my last repose I go—
But let my 'neath the broad elm tree,
Where verdant breezes softly blow.

D. C. C.

For the Liberator.

LIBERTY.

Masters, awake! let and set the captives free!
Yours is the right to grant them liberty:
Long have the fathers and the sons done wrong—
Now let them go, and sing the freed-man's song.

What right have men to seize and oppress
Their fellow men, and give them no redress?
To chain and beat a brother, near of kin,
Made of one blood, though of a darker skin?

What right have Algerines my son to take,
And force him from his home, a slave to make?
And doom his children every one a slave,
Till life and strength are wasted in the grave?

What right have savages, in desert wild,
To enslave my daughter, lovely child?
To make her bear the burden and the chain,
Or else in gashes deep endure the pain?

What right have negro men to take my wife,
Pollute, abuse, and make a slave for life?
What white man would endure the negro's pain,
Had he the negro's power release to gain?

What right have the power to take my life,
To take my wife and children from my side,
To take my wife and children from my side,
To take my wife and children from my side.

S. S.

BRADFORD, Nov. 5, 1837.

DEAR GARRISON:
Please insert the following 'Lines' from a late Mobile
Mercantile Advertiser, in your valuable paper, and oblige
your friend. What do you think the Editor of the Advertiser
would say, if the slave should
On the altars of liberty swear
To be free?

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY THE RECENT DIPLOMATIC DIFFICULTIES
BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND SWISS.

Too long hath the trumpet been still,
And the voice of the claxon mute;
But the Swiss is out on the hill,
And the horn hath the place of the lute.

From the valleys the watchword goes forth,
It is 'Freedom'—her spirit is there;
And high hearts from the east and the north,
On the altars of liberty swear
To be free.

By the valor of Tell they have sworn it,
From the Rhine to the waters of Bern,
And the standard of Tell—they have borne it
Away to the banks of Lugern;

Shall the loveliest lake, and the fairest
That sleeps in her bosom, of old
Helvetia—thou, Gallia heartest—
Be dyed with the blood of the Gaul?

Too long have the groves and the hills
Worn the lover's, their language is mute,
And the Swiss are out on the hills,
And the horn hath the place of the lute.

From the valleys the watchword goes forth,
It is 'Freedom'—her spirit is there;
And high hearts from the east and the north,
On the altars of liberty swear
To be free.

T. H. H.

MOBILE, OCT. 19.

AUTUMN.

BY E. L. FOLLEN.

Sweet summer with her flowers has passed,
I hear her parting knell;
I hear the morning's still fall
That brings her sad farewell.

But while she fades and dies away,
In rainbow hues she glows,
Like the last smile of parting day,
Still brightening as it goes.

The robin whistles clear and shrill;
Sad is the cricket's song;
The wind, wild rushing o'er the hill,
Bears the dead leaf along.

I love this sober, solemn time,
This twilight of the year;
To me sweet spring, in all her prime,
Was never half so dear.

What death has set his changing seal
On all that meets the eye,
'Tis rapture then within to feel
The soul that cannot die.

The following lines by Dr. Darwin, written in 1781, were
like most of the author's poetry, popular for a time.

THE BALLOON.

Journeying on high, the silken eagle glides
Bright as a meteor thro' the azure sky;
O'er towers, and temples, and winds its way,
Or mounts sublime, and glides the vault of day;

Glides with unspurred eye, untrailing crowds
Pursue the floating wonder to the clouds,
And dashed with transport or benumbed with fear,
Watch as it rises the diminished sphere—

Now less and less—and now a speck is seen!
And now the floating cloud intrudes between!
The calm philosopher in either sails,
Views broader stars, and breathes in purer gales;

Sees like a map, in many a waving line,
Round earth's blue plains the lucid water shine;
Sees at his feet the fiercest lightning glow,
And hears the farthest thunder roar below.

TO DUTY.

Son daughter of the voice of God!
O duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and to prove;

Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of fraternal humanity!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston Atlas.

THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS—A NEW VIEW OF THAT MATTER.

There is every reason to suppose that the project for the annexation of Texas to the United States, which is so favorite a measure with many of the Southern politicians, and apparently with a large proportion of the Southern people, will be revived at the next session of Congress with renewed vigor.

It seems not improbable that Mr. Van Buren may adopt this question as the last and desperate remedy for the present declining condition of his fortune. Having failed to secure the North by political management, he may attempt still to keep the good graces of the South, by yielding and submission.

The project of the annexation of Texas, supported as it will be by a certain number of the Southern Whigs, furnishes an opportunity of dividing and distracting the opposition, which Mr. Van Buren will be very likely to improve. We ought then, to be prepared for the question; and should be furnished with the materials of discussing it in all its bearings.

It is perfectly clear, that Texas cannot be annexed to the United States, without exciting the utmost indignation of our Mexican neighbors. It is therefore necessary to be informed how far their indignation is to be dreaded, and what sympathies they have enlisted in their support.

Every once in a while, paragraphs appear in the New Orleans papers, which are presently copied into all the other journals of the country, giving a frightful account of the state of things in Mexico; filled with stories of robberies, and threats of civil war; and predicting that the government will presently break down, and the whole country be delivered up to ruin and disorder.

These accounts are to be received with many grains of allowance. In the first place, it is not improbable that a certain part of them are manufactured for the occasion, by the friends of Texas in New Orleans, with the very design to misrepresent the condition, and to damage the reputation of Mexico. Other of these accounts are no doubt what they pretend to be, letters from Americans resident in that country.

But these residents are not generally men of much education, or very acute observers.—This is sufficiently evident from the style and manner of their correspondence. They may be sufficiently adroit at smuggling goods, and in arts to evade the Mexican tariff,—but the sphere of their observation is very limited; they repeat, without knowing any thing of the matter, those rumors as are whispered about, by those opposed to the men in power; and their information is not to be relied upon. Three quarters of the Mexican news, furnished to our world, by the correspondents of the New Orleans press, turn out in the end, to be mere smoke.

It happens occasionally, we suspect, when a smuggling adventure turns out a little unsuccessfully, and the goods fall into the hands of the custom-house officers, the unlucky adventurer who has misused his expected profit, revenges himself by a libel upon the country, whose laws he has not succeeded in evading.

The following extracts from the latest London papers received in this country, will prove that there are foreign residents in Mexico, who view the state of affairs there in a different light.

Her Majesty's packet Seagull, with mails from Mexico, has arrived, having sailed from Vera Cruz on the 1st of July, Tampico on the 8th, and Havana on the 25th following.

Affairs, generally, throughout the republic, were a more cheerful aspect than had been witnessed for some years past; attributable, no doubt, to the late liberal alterations in the tariff—the suppression of the smuggling transactions in the north—the suspension of hostilities with the Texasians—and, lastly and principally, the growing confidence of the people in the present Government.

The following is an extract from a private letter received by the packet: 'The present Administration under Bustamante is so far conducting itself to the entire satisfaction of moderate people, and there is no doubt that many of the Liberal party are now in favor of Government. The Minister of Finance, Leprieux, is making every effort to prevent smuggling, and in which he will succeed. The former rigorous laws to Government will be gradually paid off. As to revolutions, we consider them at an end.'

There are reasons, and as we think conclusive reasons, for believing that these sentiments are more to be relied upon, than those which appear in the New Orleans papers.

The great production of Mexico, so far at least as her foreign trade is concerned, is silver. The mining business is always certain to be greatly interrupted by the existence, or the danger of internal disturbances. Yet it is an undeniable fact that the exportation of silver from Mexico, during the last two years, has increased very considerably,—a clear proof of the comparatively peaceful and prosperous state of the country.

In the second place, the Government of Mexico has been recently making arrangements for a settlement with the holders of the Mexican foreign debt,—a claim upon the country, which had been entirely disregarded by the revolutionary and unstable administrations which managed the affairs of the country from the 1st of 1827, down to the recent adoption of a consolidated form of government. This certainly looks somewhat like stability and energy in the existing administration, and comparative prosperity in the country.

It will be well, however, to explain somewhat at length, this proposition for a settlement with the foreign creditors of Mexico; as it seems not unlikely that it will have a direct bearing upon this very question of the annexation of Texas to the United States. Such a bearing it was no doubt designed to have.

The Mexican government proposes to issue to the holders of the bonds of the two Mexican loans, in payment and discharge of those bonds, and of the interest thereon due and unpaid, new active bonds, for one half the amount due, to bear an interest of five per cent from the 1st of October, 1837, and for the other half, new deferred bonds, bearing five per cent interest from the first of October, 1847.

To secure the payment of the interest, upon the active bonds, certain commissioners of remittance are appointed; and one sixth part of the income of the Custom House of Vera Cruz and Tampico is to be transferred and secured to them for that purpose.

Now comes the part of the arrangement, which has a direct bearing upon the question of the annexation of Texas. One hundred millions of acres of land in the departments of TEXAS, CHIHUAHUA, NEW MEXICO, SONORA and CALIFORNIA, are hypothecated and specially set apart for the extinction of the debt. The proceeds of these lands are to be applied exclusively to that purpose, until the object is effected. The sales of this land, are not to be made at a lower price than four acres the pound sterling,—(about \$125 the acre, the price of our government lands)—and at this rate, the Deferred Bonds are to be received in payment for them; the holders of these bonds, in case they choose to exchange them for lands, to be allowed interest, payable also in land, from the date of the bonds to the time of the purchase. And for the special extinction of these Deferred Bonds, there are to be set apart of the one hundred millions of acres of land above mentioned, twenty-five millions of acres, 'having the nearest communication with the Atlantic Ocean, and best suited for colonization from abroad,' which it is specially intended to exchange for these Deferred Bonds, in order that the land may be colonized by settlers from abroad.

This is the very territory of Texas, which the Mexican government thus proposes to convey to its creditors, to the end that it may be colonized by settlers from Europe!

We learn from the London papers, that Holland, a disposition has been made to form a Company for the purchase of these bonds, with a view of colonizing the offered lands upon a large scale, and that a similar project is also entertained in England.

Should this project be carried into effect, we shall soon see a new set of 'emigrants' figuring upon the theatre of Texas; and the Mexican government will have succeeded in enlisting in defence of their territorial rights,—and that too by the strong ties of personal interest,—a rich and influential class of European citizens, who will be sure to raise a loud and dangerous clamor, against our appropriating to the use of the United States, the land assigned by Mexico, to pay the Mexican Bond holders.—Should we persist in the aggression, our only chance to make peace with these European claimants would be—to pay the bonds ourselves!

THE SEMINOLE WAR.

After having expended more than one and a half million of dollars and many lives in killing off the Seminoles without bringing them to submission, our government has now enlisted five hundred friendly Indians, from the Shawnee, Delaware, and Pottawatomie, and are about to send them from the healthy regions where they reside to the deadly fogs and malaria of the swamps and hammocks of Florida. We find ourselves unable to fight the battles which our own injustice has kindled, and are bringing in mercenaries into the field to fight them for us—thereby exposing the lives of those we have already irreparably injured, and causing bloody feuds between those who are now on terms of amity, and have not the least cause for strife. Shame on our cowardice and recency! Whether we believe in the justice of the United States, or whether we profess His name whose religion is a religion of peace, this scheme is a disgrace to us—a disgrace to our manhood, a disgrace to our religion.

This war is a southern war. Its origin was in slavery; the money and the lives which have been spent have been expended in aid of the slave-brethren, and the management of it has been committed to southern hands. Why are the Indians called in to fight its battles? What has become of the 'chivalry' of the South? In what glorious place are her 'gallant' sons repose? Where is Gen. McDuffie with his spirit arm of the United States? Where are Calhoun and Benton? Had they not better be rescuing their perished honor amid the swamps of Florida, than tearing passions to tatters in the halls of Congress? Where is he who once put the Seminoles to flight, with northern men—the honored hero of New Orleans? Why leave their homes and families to follow the Seminoles? Where are Calhoun and Benton? Had they not better be rescuing their perished honor amid the swamps of Florida, than tearing passions to tatters in the halls of Congress? 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